



Gently. Under the Greenwood Shade Sung by m^r Baint

To am Amor of Woodbine ye both shall be led Soft Leaves for your Pillow the
Graft for your Bed Soft Leaves for your Pillow the Graft for your Bed.
While wanton you the Sparrows skip over your Head all under the Greenwood
Shade all under the Green wood Shade.

When the Moon with pale Lustre just thro' the Grove
And Nightingales answer the chaste Turtle Dove
The Maid without blushing shall clasp her true Love
All under the Greenwood Shade

Our Pleasure quite harmless begin with the Day
We ever are buxom we ever are Gay
No Virgins dissemble nor Shepherds betray
All under the Greenwood Shade

The Frowns for a while arm the Face of the Fair
Yet soon our young Lover forgets all his Care
For Phillis cries do not oh do not despair
All under the Greenwood Shade